

Avarice

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Avarice

by [runrarebit](#)

Summary

*He curls his arms around the other man's head and pushes away the thought that **he should not be touching Lily's husband like this.***

Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: For infidelity, for an extramarital (kind of) affair, for low self esteem, for some consent issues, for nonconsensual voyeurism, for secrets, for mentions of child abuse, for mentions of bullying, mentions of poverty, dysfunctional relationships- please let me know if I missed any.

So this is the one shot I was talking about in the last chapter of The Dark Sky. Anyway, I'm posting in a bit of a hurry (hoping I don't mess anything up) and don't have time to reply to comments today, but hopefully I'll get to them soon. Thank you so much to everyone who reads this fic, and leaves comments and kudos, I truly appreciate it! Stay safe out there!

He has his fingers tangled in his own hair, then they're kneading James' shoulders, then he's clutching at the fine linen sheets. *Oh. Oh—* His toes twitch, they curl. More biting, nipping kisses on his neck, his shoulder, and large, strong hands on his chest, squeezing at him as if he has tits, and James is lowering his head to press kisses there as well.

The pleasure's a fizzing, golden thing.

The guilt is cloying, cold, and sickening.

He pushes it away. He curls his arms around the other man's head and pushes away the thought that *he should not be touching Lily's husband like this*. He should not be surrendering to Lily's husband like this. He should not be letting Lily's husband have him like this.

A deep thrust, *just right*, brushing up against all that inside that makes his eyes roll back and his body shudder, and he cries out, legs clenching tight around the other's torso. James—broad and tall and strong. He is *covered*, pressed down and small, pressed down and *delicate*, for all he is as tall as the other, for all they stand eye to eye in height, when they stand before each other.

'*So fucking gorgeous*,' he feels the lie gasped against the skin of his throat, the warm wet of James' mouth working against him. '*So fucking gorgeous. Drive me bloody mad. Can't stop thinking of you—*' all those carefully articulated aristocratic tones turned into a guttural slur of sound. James *lowers* himself in fucking him.

Rolling about in the gutter, bathing himself in *filth* as he fucks into his Halfblood whore, his tainted *mistress*— or might as well be.

James is the one who keeps this beautifully furnished little bedsit, the one who found and paid for it, and even though he doesn't live in it, keeps his own wreckage of a room in Knockturn Alley, he still comes back, again and again, and gives himself over to the other man. He knows he shouldn't do it. He tells himself he shouldn't do it. From the first time he's regretted doing it— but still he comes back.

Once he thought he loved Lily. Once he thought she loved him. Once they kissed and held each other and messed around, just a little, but she wouldn't call him her boyfriend and he resented her for it, and she wouldn't kiss him at school, and when the other Slytherins that had spent so many years tormenting him had started being civil, even friendly, he had let himself get too close to them and not cared what they did or said to others, because those others had almost all done or said things to *him* first, and in the end he betrayed her, called her an ugly word, and she never spoke to him again. Never forgave him. Took all the joy out of his life and left him lonely. Still, even with her—

The way James touches him is unlike the way anyone else has ever touched him. The way James *looks* at him. The way James speaks to him— and it must all be lies and madness, and he can't account for it when it's not happening, why James wants him so, and why he wants the other back, when he *knows* James can't *really* want him like this.

James is supposed to hate him. James is supposed to be disgusted by him. James is supposed to be happy with Lily. James is supposed to be the kind of man who would never cheat on his wife.

James is fucking into him like the man is expecting to find salvation somewhere up his arse.

He cries and mewls and moves against the powerful surges, like his body was made for this, *made for this*, ‘made for this’ like James mutters and mumbles against his flesh, the man seeming unable to pull his mouth away from him long enough to speak clearly. ‘*You’re made for this,*’ and ‘*So fucking gorgeous,*’ and ‘*I’ll die if I can’t touch you,*’ and ‘*I want to die all the time we’re apart.*’

James Potter certainly knows how to pitch woo. How to *seduce*.

He should not have let himself be seduced.

How could he help being seduced?

No one has ever paid him the kind of attention James does. No one has ever looked at him with eyes that seem to see nothing else. No one has ever treated him as if he is the centre of their world, the point around which they orbit. He didn’t think he could be *made for this*. He didn’t think he could ever want this, enjoy this, the way he does. He didn’t think he was interested in sex. He didn’t think he could enjoy being touched.

James’ hands shift down, grabbing for his hips, his arse, so the man can reposition him and pull his body up to better receive those thrusts. His legs kick out a little, twitch, spasm, as the pleasure rocks through him. He gasps, back arching, hands clenching uselessly at the goose-down pillow behind his head. *Oh*.

‘Sev, Sev, Sev, Sev, Sev— I want you to come Sev, I want you to come for me Sev, I want you to—’ James is chanting, hazel eyes stormy and intense as the man stares down at him.

He wants to— he can— he can *almost*— he’s almost there— *he wants to give James anything he wants*— he— he just needs— *he just needs*— and then one of James’ hands is leaving his arse to touch him *there*, wrapping around his aching cock and *stroking*, and he surges up into the touch and gasps and whines and— and— and— *gives James what he wants*.

And when it’s done, when he’s weak and trembling, shivering through the aftershocks, he blinks his bleary gaze back to steady and finds James looming over him, those fingers, slick and sticky with his spend, shoved into the man’s mouth. Hungry, avaricious, *obscene*, James laps it up, before that hand slams back down onto the pillow by his head and the man hunches over him and *puts his back into it*.

He’s sensitive, oversensitive, nerves fizzing along the razor’s edge between *more* and *too much*, but he still spreads and splays himself, arches himself up, makes himself as receptive as he can be. It earns him a grunt, a repetition of ‘*so fucking gorgeous,*’ and more eager, wanting thrusts as the man above him, the man *pinning* him, chases his own orgasm.

He didn't think, when he bumped into James that day in Diagon Alley, that *this* would be the result. He didn't think that James would act like he did, conciliatory, apologetic, and then attentive. He didn't think the man would offer to buy him afternoon tea. He didn't think that the growling of his empty stomach and the nothing weight of his empty wallet would make him agree. He didn't think that after that brief meeting was done James would *keep coming back*. He never imagined James Potter acting like the man couldn't keep away from him.

James has Lily. James was never supposed to want anyone else. James was never supposed to want *him*.

He was never supposed to betray Lily the way he has. He knows she'll never forgive him for that word, that one simple word, but he swore he'd do his best never to do anything to harm her again after that moment. Now he lets her husband fuck him. Now he *wants* her husband to fuck him. Now inside his head he uses the excuse that James would see and be disgusted and never fuck him again to keep dodging the Dark Mark, to avoid Voldemort and his followers, even though the life he lives outside this bed is getting smaller, poorer, starved of money and food and shelter and friendship. He has given up so much for this. Reg is the only one left who will associate with him.

Some days he even thinks of asking James if he can stay here, in the bedsit, if he can *live* here, if James will *keep him*, keep him from the merciless world. Some days he wants to give it all up, being a wizard never lived up to the promise he'd once believed it would have. It's not kept him safe, it's not given him a place in society, it's not made him welcome, it's not given him a future. He might even have been happier as a Muggle. He might still be happier as James' kept whore— His pride won't let him, though. He does not want James to see how far he's really fallen. He does not want to be the sort of person that turns for shelter to a married man's bed. He doesn't— he doesn't want to risk hearing James laugh and say *no*.

'*I love you*,' James gasps, that same lie he always gasps as he comes, that same lie that had stunned and surprised him that first time, with his robes hiked up around his waist and his legs spread on his back in a shabby room rented by the hour in Knockturn Alley. That lie that keeps him coming back. No one else has ever told him they love him. '*Merlin's beard, Sev. I love you.*'

He doesn't return the sentiment out loud. Whatever he may actually feel, however weak James has made him, however much his defences have been undermined and his heart breached, he'll not have the memory of that confession lurking around James' mind, to be recalled with a laugh or a cringe in years to come, once this madness has left the man.

'*I love you, I love you, I love you*,' James pants in the comedown, shuddering over him, staring down at him with eyes near blank with want. One final shudder and the man gives way, collapses sideways onto the sheets beside him, cock pulling free of his body with the movement. He gasps then, and shudders when James immediately reaches for him, pulls him into his arms, takes his mouth in an ardent kiss. *I love you*.

It's easy to doze off being held by James, a strange thing, because he has never slept easily. Even as a child he had to sleep lightly, be ready to wake and spring up and dodge out of the way in case either of his parents were in a *mood* they wanted to sate by tormenting him for a while. School wasn't any better. The horrible room he rents in Knockturn Alley *isn't* any

better. If his magic was weaker and his spellwork clumsier he may have fallen victim to whatever unpleasantness lurks in the hearts of all those he hears in the hall at night, all those that rattle the knob and probe against the wards, before moving on to the next room.

‘*James,*’ he hears, a whisper of sound, and he could swear it was Lily, and it drags him up from the depths just enough to slit his eyes open in the darkness of the room and try to work out what’s going on.

The body behind him, wrapped around him, clinging and covetous, shifts a little, rumbles with a burr of sound, ‘*I can’t go on keeping this from him, he’s going to be so **hurt** when he finds out. Why can’t we just **tell him**?*’

‘*I’m not ready to talk to him—*’ it is Lily’s voice, soft and quiet and coming from somewhere on the side of the bed in front of him, but in the weak streetlight coming in through the curtains he can tell there’s no one there. A strange dream, it must be. If Lily caught him with James she wouldn’t just stand there, talking to the man, her husband, no, instead she’s be screaming and shouting and throwing around hexes.

‘*But you are ready to keep sneaking in here every time, hidden from view, **just** to watch us?*’ his dream version of James replies, a mere whisper of sound. ‘*Don’t you want more?*’

‘*I told you I’m not ready,*’ dream Lily replies, reassuring him it cannot really be her. Ever since they stopped talking it hasn’t mattered what James did, nothing could make her irritated with the man. ‘*I didn’t think you’d fall in love with him **too**.*’

‘*How could I not? He’s—*’ this is a very strange dream.

‘James?’ he mumbles, squinting into the darkness, ‘What’s going on?’

‘Sev, my darling, are you awake?’ the man asks, voice an oddly strained squeak.

‘I was— Did I hear voices or— *am I* awake?’ it’s so hard to keep his eyes open. The deep, sweet abyss of sleep keeps calling to him. Maybe he’s asleep already. He must be asleep already. This must be a dream. He can’t have heard Lily.

‘You must have been dreaming, my love,’ the man reassures him, petting and squeezing at him, nuzzling into the nape of his neck to say, softly, ‘There were some people out on the street talking rather loudly, perhaps you were hearing that in your sleep.’

‘*Oh—*’ Yes, that makes sense. Certainly more sense than Lily being here, talking to her *unfaithful* husband as if she didn’t care that’s what he was.

‘Go back to sleep, my darling,’ James urges, pressing a kiss to his shoulder, and then tugging at him as if the man could somehow find a way to press them closer together.

As always he gives James what he wants.

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